1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

have the necessary time to prepare the cassava. A man cannot count on finding food to buy. Food is often scarce and, especially when crops have not been good—a state of affairs these Bush Negroes know only too well—each household has need of all the food it has grown.

Asikanu, whose cassava bread was fresh, bathed in the river and changed his dripping loin cloth, spreading out the one he had removed so that it might dry. Bayo washed his second best cloth, for the sun was strong, and it was well to get it fresh and uncreased. So the men busied themselves getting their supplies in order for the journey which was not yet taxing, but would grow more difficult during the next few days, with heavy rapids, great distances between villages, and more exertion needed to strike a village before dark overtook them.

Even so it was time to be off, Sedefo decided, replacing the cassava cakes—which in a few moments had lost their mold—for the next rapids were something to be reckoned with. Again the four dugouts were on their way, and it was a brave sight to see the four pole-men swinging their long sticks with measured regularity, and the upward leaping three steps, and the down-running steps, and the seated paddlers dipping their carved blades into the water with a slight twist at the end of each stroke to counteract the effect of the push of the man at the bow, to keep the canoe headed straight into the current.

Ahead, in the leading canoe, the man at the bow waved his hand to us, indicating directions to our men. We could see him put the whole length of his pole in the water three times, then lay it along the gunwale of his dugout and, taking up his paddle, begin to stroke in time with the man at the stern of his boat.

"*Mfundu*," said Bayo to Bibifo. "Deep."

As we approached the deep water, Bayo with a fillip of his paddle sent our dugout heading into the stream, to be caught up by the current at the center and taken down and across by the impact of the water against the boat. The boats in front had done the same, had cut across to the

1:Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
SR8 Bush Negroes SR8
Saramacca

798 The other white man was the Catholic missionary who
797 for years had been living in the Gran Rio. He was a friend of the Saramacca people, and they liked him. Now this white man wanted to see Dahomey. He said that he, too, had a [illegible] God who protected him. He asked so many times [illegible] at last promised to take him there. But when [illegible] 'empeh he fell asleep, and he slept till . . . till they [illegible] the Granman's country. So his life was saved. The gods, knowing that he was a friend of the Saramacca people, did not want to kill him. They put him to sleep until Dahomey was well out of reach.

"And this is what happened to you, Bak'a. The gods did not want to hurt you, so you did not see."

2

133 Past these rapids and another stretch of rough water, and then before us lay the highest falls of the Saramacca. To the right, over a ledge of rock spreading in an unbroken sweep across its entire width poured the Gran Rio, the
[361] river up which lay the villages of the Loango clan, and beyond, the untrodden jungle which barricaded the way to the country of the Indians, and the basin of the Amazon. To the left was the final bit of fast water that remained between us and the village where the Granman awaited us. We were at last in the Pikien Rio.

Here the stream narrowed, and we could see on both banks the people who were waiting to see us pass. The
[574] gay colors of the women's cloths were brilliant against the background of green, and their hallooing reached our ears above the rush of the water. A canoe with several young men came alongside.

"We are here to help you with your boats. We have been sent by the Granman. Fire three shots to let him know you are in the Pikien Rio."

516 We fired, and instantly there was an answering salute of
● [201] three guns. With the reinforcement of paddlers, it did not take long to reach the island which separated us from the landing place of Asindopo Lantiwe. Here all strangers